THE LOST CHILD.

BY MRS. NAPOLEON B. MORANGE.

Lost! Lost! In the bewildering throng,
Balked by the human current, surging strong;
Amid the savage roar its voice is drowned,
No ear has caught the feeble, plaintive sound;
"Mamma! mamma!" it calls, then glances shy,
Betraying dread of every passer-by.

Its eyes are tear-blind, and its feet
Are, O, so weary, wandering the street;
"Mamma! *mamma!*" it calls, and calls again,
Adding each time a keener note of pain;
It runs, then pauses, overwhelmed with fears,
For only strangers cross its mist of tears.

The traces of a mother's care
Still linger in the curled and sunny hair;
The playing children tempt it not to stop,
Though in its hand is clutched a striped top,
And as it hurries through the alien town,
One little stocking slips unheeded down.

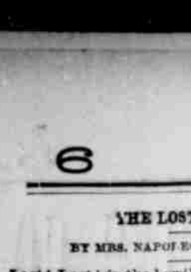
At last the faint appeal is heard,
And sleeping hearts of sympathy are stirred;
Some bend to ask its name—its mother's name—
On all the world it seems to have no claim.
It stares at every one in blank amaze,
While o'er its face a tangled ringlet strays.

Arrested on its errant course,
The very tears are scared back to their source;
One chubby hand is lifted to its brow,
Its head droops like a broken flower now;
To ask, suggest, or coax, alike are vain,
No hint of home or mother can they gain.

But suddenly from out the crowd
A presence dawns, like sunshine from a cloud,
A sob of gladness heaves the little breast!
Bystanders need no more, they know the rest.
"Mamma! mamma!" it shouts with ringing joy,
And to her heart the mother clasps her boy.

NEW YORK CITY.

THEY TOOK HIM IN.



To be overtaken by night in the loneliest part of East Tennessee is to the traveler a condition to be lamented, writes Opie P. Read, in the Chicago *Times*. The road is rough and the deep valleys have gathered a darkness so dense that they seem the very bottomless pits of blackness. A ray of yellowish light, trembling its way through the gloom, comes down from a hill where dogs are barking. The traveler is gladdened and, riding up to a log cabin, shouts: "Halloa!" Some one opens the door.

"I would like to stay over night with you. I am cold, hungry, and tired, and don't believe I can go another step."

"Wall, we kain't take in, no pusson, caze we an't got no place for a pusson ter sleep; but ef you'll go right down

HE AGREED TO TAKE HIM IN.

yan ter Jim Mason's he'll keep you in the finest sorter shape. Lives right down thar at the foot of the hill."

The traveler turns away disappointed, of course, but he has placed a wreath of faith upon Jim Mason who lives "right down thar," and onward he goes through the darkness. His horse stumbles, and sometimes he has to stop and feel his way. Mile after mile is passed, it seems, but no beam of light comes trembling out to meet him. He curses the man who has lied to him, and in his anger he thinks of finding his way back and choking the scoundrel, when suddenly a light down the valley warms his heart. He rides up to a cabin. "Halloa!" Door is opened; man pokes his head out.

"Jim Mason live here?"

"What do you want with him?"

"I want to stay all night."

"Oh, 'lowed mebbe yer wanted ter snatch him up befo' the Gran' Jury. Yes, I live here."

"Well, I was told away back yonder, I don't know how far, that you would accommodate me for the night."

"Red-headed feller was it that told you?" he asked, still standing with his head poked out.

"I don't know; it was too dark to see."

"Wall, if it was a red-headed feller it was my son-in-law, an' I reckon he's the biggest liar in East Tennessy."

"I don't know who it was, but the question is, can I stay?"

"Question's mighty easy answered. You kain't."

"But, my dear sir, I can not go any further."

"Bleeged to you for callin' me a dear sar, but I reckon you'll hafter go furder. Sam Mayhew lives right down thar, an' I think he'd be glad to take you. Jest tell Sam that you air from 'Texas an' know his folks that went out thar three years ago. Tell him you knowd Alf, and Tobe, and the rest of 'em. My brother Pete went out thar with them. Community lost a good man when Pete left, I tell you. Tall, rawboned feller that could lift one side of a steer."

I was the traveler, and I saw my chance. No casuistry could stand up against such inducements to tell a lie—yea, so great a necessity of it. I would deceive him.

"My dear sir, I am from Texas, sure enough, and I do know his people, though, of course, not intimately."

"Know Alf?"

"Yes."

"An' Tobe?"

"I do."

"Look here, you must know my brother Pete, that lives out there in Calhoun County."

"I am acquainted with him. Out there he is known as Long Pete."

"Wall, I declar, stranger, you air gittin' interestin'."

"Shall I get down and come in?"

"Yes, but wait a minit. Now you air a truthful man, air you?"

"I have always been regarded as such."

"Ah, bah, an' I don't like ter doubt you, but thar's just one thing, an' only one, that looks a little suspicious."

"Tell me what it is, and I will endeavor to explain."

"Wush you would explain. You see, I an't got no brother Pete an' never did have none. I'm Pete myse'f. Knowd you was a rascal soon as I heard you speak. Good-night."

He shut the door and I turned away. My horse stumbled, so rough was the

"I WANT MY FEELINS' TECHED."

way, and at one time fell to his knees. It must have been twelve o'clock when I saw another light. When I yelled a man opened the door.

"Who's that?"

Another lie might be successful. I would take a desperate chance.

"I am a preacher," I answered, "cold, hungry, tired, and lost in this awful night of darkness. Can you take me in?"

"What sort of a preacher?"

"Methodist."

"Wall, I reckon he ken," a woman's voice answered. "Jest get right down an' come in, an' Dick, you take the brother's hoss. Bless my life; the idea of a preacher bein' lost sich a night as this. Walk right in, brother."

They had been to bed, but a great log-fire burned in the immense fireplace. The man took my horse and the woman busied herself with putting her house in order, and, during the time, deplored the hardships to which I had been subjected. The man, a comical old fellow with dead-grass whiskers, soon returned and shook hands with me time and again.

"Mighty glad ter see you, brother. Han't been a preacher at my house fur a powerful long time. Powerful glad ter see you. Stranger come along in the arly part of the night an' wanted to stay with us, an' although we've got a first-rate bed up-stairs I sent him on down ter Sam Mason's, 'cause I 'lowed suthin' mout happen. Powerful glad ter see you."

He leaned over, and, placing his hand on my knee, gazed affectionately into my face.

"Dick," exclaimed his wife, "don't eat the brother up, fur mussy sake."

"No, Puss," he rejoined, "I love you too well ter deprive you of that air pleasure. Brother, what is yo' name?"

"Sanderson," I answered.

"Wall, I am powerful glad to see you. Puss, slip out thar an' snatch the feathers offen the Dominecker hen and cook her fur Brother Sanderson. Wake up Sim an' tell him thar's er preacher in the house. Wush you could a met my daughter Polly, but she married Nat Buckley last week. As good a worker at the mourner's bench as you ever seed. Drawed the Pettygast boys in when nobody else could teach 'em. I'm powerful glad ter see you. What sort of a hoss air you ridin'?"

"A pretty fair animal."

"Wall, I reckon we ken strike up a trade termorrow before church time."

"Before church time?"

"Yis; the meetin'house is right down thar in the holler; so you didn't miss it so mighty fur atter all. Don't pay no 'tention to that noise. It's only the Dominecker hen a squawlin'. Better squawl, too, fur when that wife of mine spreads the palms of her hands out on a hen, why the hen's life ends pretty soon afterwards, if not right thar. Mighty good thing they sent you, fur our regular preacher is sick an' kain't fill the pulpit, an' the folks don't know it, but I reckon you hearn of it an' come to take his place. Wall, I'll git up arly an' build a fire in the meetin' house, an' my boy ken ride all aroun' an' tell the folks that have hearn of Brother Rice's sickness that Brother

THE ESCAPE.

Sanderson will preach. Powerful glad to see you. Why, brother, I hope you an't sick, air you?"

I must have looked bad at that moment; indeed my hair must have begun to rise on the top of my head. Preach—I couldn't have said six words. Would it do to undeceive the old fellow? No. He was comical in some respects, but his eyes said "Don't you fool with me."

The woman entered: "Fur pity sake, Dick, air you still trying ter eat the brother up? A person would think that you never hurt nobody in your life, you is so lovin', but Sam Hastle wouldn't think so."

"Wall, he told me a lie, I'se, an' I won't stand that from nobody. I don't mind a man cheatin' me once a time once in a while, but it won't do for a pusson fer ter ter me about nothin's tall."

"Come on, brother, an' eat a bite," said the woman.

I had been exceedingly hungry, but my appetite was gone. The life of the Dominecker hen might have been spared.

"I expect a powerful sermon from you termorrer, brother," my affectionate host remarked. "We an't had our feelin's stirred up in some time an' we want 'em stirred. Jest want you ter pile doctrine up on that pulpit till you'd think it was a fodder-stack. That's the only way to please our folks."

We returned to the sitting-room. Something had to be done.

"Now, brother," said the host, "jest step right up thar and go to bed, fur you'll need a little sleep."

"Thank you, but let me go out and see about my horse."

"Oh, no; I've fixed him all right.

"But I'd rather look after him again."

"Wall, I'll go out and see to him. You jist must sleep, fur we want a powerful sermon termorrer. Take off yo' shoes right down here by the fire."

"No, I'll take them off up-stairs."

The room above was reached by means of a ladder. I bade them good-night and climbed up. My intention was to escape before daylight. I could not help but groan when I glanced about the room. There was no window and I could not escape through the room below. "I must make a hole through the roof," I mused.

Would they never stop talking? At last they were quiet. The clapboards must have been held down with spikes. It was awful work, but at last I succeeded in making an opening large enough. To get out on the roof was an easy matter, but how was I to get down? I crawled to one corner and in trying to climb down slipped and fell off. I fell on a dog. It must have killed him, for nothing far removed from the grave could have sounded such a note of despair. The old man did not awake. I roamed round and round trying to find the stable. Found it at last. Went into the wrong stall and was kicked by a colt.

I mounted and rode away. My horse was so tired, notwithstanding his food and rest, that he traveled with difficulty; but I urged him on. Daylight came and then I cursed myself. I had left my horse, a magnificent animal, and had taken an old stiff-jointed, knock-kneed thing that would not have brought $10 on the public square of a village. Should I go back? Oh, no. I rode or stumbled on until the old plug gave out, and then I walked and carried my saddle.

PRESERVATION OF BEAUTY.

Hints to Women Regarding the Care of the Hair—The Fine-Toothed Comb Condemned—Cleanliness the First Requisite.

MANY ladies wash their heads with preparations of alkalies, ammonia, borax, and even baking soda, and sometimes washing soda, but these are each and all hurtful both to hair and scalp, for the life and vigor of hair comes from the little fat glands which nourish the roots, and render it glossy, soft and thick. These alkalies dissolve the fat, and soon the lady is distressed to find that her hair is breaking off or falling out. Alcohol, whether in form of the various hair tonics, or bay rum, is equally injurious, and to its use in barber shops are the most of the bald heads due.

When one feels that the head needs a "good shampoo," the yelks of eggs alone should be employed, with plenty of water. The yelk of an egg is almost all oil, and for that reason an emollient, but no alkali nor soap should be used if it is desired to preserve the hair at its best.

Dandruff is a great injury to the hair, and it has never yet been understood, though some have pretended to have discovered its cause and cure. But this we have noticed and proved, those who wash their heads in cold water daily never have it. Brushes and combs should be kept very clean, and no one should use those of another. When there is dandruff, cleanliness, washing in cold water, and sometimes a little brandy will remove it.

The use of fine combs, unless when absolutely necessary, is greatly to be condemned, and it is far better to discard them entirely. Many ladies find it inconvenient to wash their heads daily, on account of their bangs, and such depend upon the fine comb for cleansing the scalp, with an occasional shampoo. There are more exudations from the scalp than from the clear skin, and the pores need a clearer field, so to speak, than they have with the accumulations which catch to the hairs and mat down tightly until they form little scales, which being of refuse matter turn sour and acrid, and finally contaminate and heat the little fat cells which nourish the hair. These scales accumulate until they keep up a sort of irritation and itching of the scalp, and finger nails poison it, and before one knows it the head is one mass of scaly dandruff, and before long the head is sore in spots and the hair begins falling.

Ladies whose neatness in other respects is proverbial, will not wash their hair daily—because—because—well, they can give no reason, only that they were taught that it was not at all necessary. And when the scalp is not kept cool and free of dandruff, and the secretions which cause it, the hair often loses its coloring matter. The heat in the cells destroys it, and young persons turn gray who ought not wear that token of age for many years yet.

The writer of this is forty-three, and has not one gray hair yet, and thinks, with some reason, that the regular washing of her head in cold water every morning since she was a child, is the cause, and her hair is soft and silky, and quite abundant for that age. Her brothers and relatives younger than herself are bald and gray, because they "don't think cold water good for the scalp."—EMMA VILAS.

"Press" on one side and "pull" on the other are labels on some doors which lead to certain kinds of success.

HE MILKED THE COWS

THAT WAS WHAT JAY GOULD D'D FOR SEVERAL YEARS.

Then He Became a Clerk in a Country Store—His First Strike, However, Was When, as a Surveyor, He Made "Noon-Marks" for Farmers' Wives.

MILLIONAIRE Jay Gould was born at Stratton's Falls, Delaware County, N. Y., in 1836, so that he is now 54 years of age. Gould was the son of a small storekeeper, and often complains now that his duties for many years consisted in milking the cows. He soon left this, however, and became a clerk in a country store.

Later, he started out with a surveyor well known in the Catskill region, acting as a species of advance agent for his new employer. His employer gave him little or no salary, and, instead of advancing him money for his expenses, directed him to get his meals and his lodging at the the farmers' houses along the way. The young man consented to this arrangement readily enough, and was quite contented until he began to find out that his employer's credit was not quite so good as to make the asking of board and lodging tantamount to getting it. In very many cases he was refused, and had to trudge on, perhaps at unseasonable hours, to the next house.

One day at dinner-time he found himself near a very substantial-looking farm-house, and as his pockets were empty and his stomach empty, too he determined to get his dinner first and discuss the matter of payment for it in the financial responsibility of his employer later on. He found the family just sitting down to dinner, and, after a few words of explanation, sat down with them and did justice to the meal. When he had satisfied his appetite he told the landlady who he was and mentioned the fact that his employer would settle the bill when he came along that way.

This arrangement seemed to be perfectly satisfactory, and Gould put on his hat and started for the garden gate leading out into the road. He had only compassed about half the distance when he heard the woman's voice calling him. Gould's instant thought was that the wife had consulted with the husband, and discovering the financial irresponsibility of his employer was determined to have a cash settlement. His first impulse was to take to his heels, and if possible get away. Before he had been quite able, however, to make up his mind the old lady's hand was upon his shoulder, and when he turned around he determined to face the music.

"Look here, young man," said the farmer's wife, "make a noon-mark on the porch."

A noon-mark, it may be mentioned, is a species of dial enabling the woman at the farm to know when the noon hour comes around that the horn may be blown for dinner. The young surveyor responded that he could make a noon-mark, and proceeded forthwith to do so. When the work was completed the old lady asked him how much he would charge for it, and he told her seventy-five cents. The dinner he had eaten was valued at thirty-five cents, so that he paid for his dinner and got forty cents change. As he walked off again, without any fear, however, this time of being called back, the thought naturally occurred to him that here at least was a chance to get his dinner and perhaps make a little money besides. If the farmer's wife, whom he had just left, needed a noon-mark, there must be other farmers' wives through the country all needing noon-marks, and there seemed to be no reason why he shouldn't supply the deficiency.

This was Jay Gould's first start in life, and the first money that he earned of any account was made out of these noon-marks outlined on the porches of the farm-houses through the Catskill Mountains. With the money thus made he went more exclusively into surveying, thence into the tannery business, and finally into the Vermont Railroad, where he made the money with which he went into Wall street.

Using a New Fuel.

In a report just issued, the Transportation Committee of the Scranton (Pa.) Board of Trade seeks to prove that culm, or anthracite waste, is the cheapest fuel there is, and, as there are mountains of it in that city, that Scranton is an excellent place in which to locate all sorts of manufactories. The report gives as the relative cost a day of different fuels per horse power per boiler: Anthracite coal, prepared sizes, 5 to 8 cents; bituminous coal, 4 to 6 cents; natural gas, 3 to 5 cents; culm, ½ to 2 cents.

The cheapness of culm, as fuel, over natural gas, is shown in the fact that steel rails are made in Scranton with culm for less than it costs to make rails in the same way with natural gas, so that rails can be carried three hundred miles from Scranton to Fittsburg and be sold there for less than rails made in the latter city with natural gas. The report claims that culm fifteen years old has been used with satisfactory results. It also asserts that the flow of natural gas diminishes gradually in every well and finally ceases, thus necessitating the opening up of new territory and indicating a time when this fuel may be dearer than coal.

Although the Scranton culm mountains are not inexhaustible, they are, with the constant additions of new anthracite waste, practically so, for many years to come. With the general advent of electric power and the possibility of its transmission long distances from dynamo plants, the value of culm as fuel is apparent.

Some one has said that the older a man grows the smaller his brain becomes. This would at first blush seem to explain why the old man knows so little and the young fellow everything.